THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON FIRST PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1676.

Choice Poetry.

MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

[illegible] sweeps have modern meanings; only that sur-
vive
[illegible] of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and
ages.
Mahmood once, the bold idealiser, spreader of the
faith
Was at Somnaut tempted sorely, at the lagged catch-
ing hour,
When the spirit's weariness, memorious and sub-
dued,
Makes a throne of promise, not the temple's
load.
Mahmood paused a moment, stunned by the silent
hour
That with eyes of mute unswerving, saw the un-
grown years,
See the Reckoning knelt before him, by his double
fears.
Judging for their idol's ransom countless gems and
gold
And was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious
mould
Were from it the roots of power such a potent
charm
When you stone alone in question, this world's
pleasur nor weal."
Mahmood looked by bar with the black throw, I say
track must sell.
Which and rear ship down with Fortune, no her
wheel turns round.
Who knows his luck, he only cannot be dis-
crowned.
Were a change of station, lose of life or
crown,
For the wreck were just restored to Mahmood, but of pressure
down
Was his more he lifted, unseen with might and
main
And the idol on the pavement trembling, burst in
twain
Which always the downright stroker: from the hollow
rain
Out came the Brahmans' idol delayed all the floor.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY REV. EDWARD E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHADOWDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

"FOOT-PRINTS."

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time
Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

Your patience, dear reader, while we cast a glance backward upon the past life of the heroine of our story! I am trying to excuse myself. The retrospect seems necessary, to make my simple narrative already alluded to, as well as to throw light upon what is to follow. I can only promise that it shall be brief, and that it may be not uninteresting nor uninstructive:

Samuel Hosner, like the majority of our self-distinguished men, was of humble parentage, sprang, as has been said, from the ranks of the people. His humble progenitor was a country blacksmith, in one of the Western and Commonwealth districts of the State, having resigned for that purpose his seat in the Senate, he was elected, as we have seen, Senator of the United States.

But in briefly recording the public rise and progress of the statesman, we shall find much more interesting private life of the man. It was while Daniel Hosner was yet a village lawyer's clerk, and while he had performed the important event in his domestic life occurred. It was this. He had been smit by his principal's confidential sister—a young lady of fortune. He journeyed from his native mountains across the country to Baltimore, and took a book or packet down the bay to the city of his destination. Railways and steamboats were not in use then.

On his return up the bay, the cabin of the packet was crowded with gay and fashionable guys, as old man of reverend, clerical appearance, and a little girl, dressed in deep mourning.

She was about eight years of age, but her superior intellect, and the air of care on her features, and the manner of long petty vigilate with which she took charge of her pale face, made her look two years older.

So strongly was Daniel Hosner attracted to the child's beautiful, pale face, that he spoke to her, thinking it no breach of etiquette to address a strange little girl on the deck of a packet. She looked up at him with a pleased smile. Raising her petty eyebrows with slight surprise, and glancing at her father from the corner of her long, almond almond-shaped eyes—she moved slowly of.

In the afternoon, when the packet was entering the mouth of the F——o River, they were overtaken by one of the fine steamers that ply so frequent upon the bay. The skipper put his head down to the gangway, and continued to converse with Daniel Hosner and the old man, the stranger—

"Come, come and help us, or we shall all be in h—l in five minutes!"

Daniel Hosner sprang at once upon the deck. Both parties sailed with great skill, and in a few sec-ond sa dozen furiously towards the shore, and separate. Daniel Hosner, who was a fine boatman, and the three men that formed his crew, pull-ing the waves like lusty swimmers, and approached the land. Daniel Hosner, who had steered skilfully around the bearing, looming waters, left the old man and the child. The old man was never seen again. But the child was thrown up to the surface by the tossing waves. Daniel Hosner caught her in his arms, and brought her safely and steering a struggling cry, sick again. He laid her down upon the grass, and knelt by her side—caught her as she was sinking, and throwing her upon his shoulders, so that all but her head was under water, he bore her to the shore. The skipper and his three men were picking up the wreck. There was no one missing—no one lost except the old man. Daniel Hosner left the crew on the beach to wait till the spirit should return, and right their boats if they could—and carrying his prize with him, ran across the barren ground, to seek a place of rest in the midst of which he saw smoke ascending. Here he found a farm-house, where every kind attention was given to the half-drowned child. It was with strange emotion that the youth gazed upon his "prize," and he instinctively considered her to be. All that he knew or guessed of her, was that she was the child of the old man who had perished—the child of his old age—and that both were foreigners just arrived. From certain signs of poverty in their dress and conduct, he had judged that they were without means, and probably without friends. And now he believed that the little, beautiful creature, just cast upon his care, would never be re-claimed from him again. And at that thought, despite the catastrophe that had given her to him, he felt a strong thrill of joy, of the proud *joy of possession*, such, as is boyhood, he had once felt in capturing, alive, a beautiful eaglet! And standing over the sofa where she lay fainting, he lifted the rich, black ringlets, and traced the pretty eyebrows, black, sleek, and tapering as water-leeches, with the same sort of curved delight, that he once drew out the wings and guard upon the bronzed and burnished pleasure of the eaglet! He resolved that nothing on earth, short of the legal claim of some near relative, should snatch his "prize" from his possession—and he did not believe in the possibility of such a claim being made. He—his beautiful creature was his own; the only human creature that he owned. His mother, his sisters, were very dear to him, but they were not his own; this beautiful little stranger was. The fantastic toys charge of the child for the night; they also provided her dairyvoor with a lodging. In the morning, the little lady was quite recovered. And as her clothing had been dried and ironed, she appeared at the breakfast table in her usual dress. She appeared to have retained a distinct recollection of all that had passed, yet was ignorant of her father's death. For, after breakfast she came forward to Daniel Hosner, and with the air of a little queen, placed her hand in his, saying,

"Sir, I am very grateful to you for saving me; and, sir, my father will be so too, and will tell you so better than I can!

"Kiss Augusta—"

"Lady Augusta," answered the little one.

"Lady Augusta, then, your father was—" he paused. How could he meet that earnest, inquiring, yet confident gaze, and tell her that her father was lost. He consulted then.—"Your father, Augusta, has not been seen since yesterday."

Her start of wild alarm, her gasp of intense anxiety, almost unmanned him. But he saw that the only thing proper to be done, was to tell her the worst at once. He did so, as gently and considerately as possible, quite prepared for the wild burst of sorrow that followed. And after this first overwhelming paroxysm, it was plausible to see how the little lady strove to maintain self-possession in the presence of strangers.

In the course of the day she said to him,

"I will ask you, sir, to be good enough to write to my aunt, and I suppose those good people will let us remain here until I hear from her—she will send for me—or for you to them for their trouble."

The youth trembled for his "prize." He felt that under some circumstances it was possible for the guilty or the abjection. He promised to write to the little girl's relative, and at the same time informed her that she must accompany him home, and remain under the care of his parents until her natural protectors could be heard from. This Augusta at first pointed but promptly reformed to do, permitting that she would remain under the protection of the former, and promised to affect with all the comfort of her aged. Nor was it until the farmer had totally declined such a charge, that she consented to accompany Daniel to his father's home. When the repaired vessel had been found, the little girl's trunk had been recovered, and the farmer's kind wife had opened it, and arranged its contents, and dried and ironed them, and then repacked them, to be in readiness when the travellers should set out again. In the consideration of his charge, Daniel Hosner declined going upon the water again, and hired the farmer's cart, to take them to the city of B——, where they entered the stage coach, which conveyed them the remainder of the journey to their home.

Daniel Hosner's mother listened to the story of the spoil and the capsized vessel, with surprise and curiosity, and received the little lady with much maternal tenderness. But Hosner, who had the key of her mother's heart, and her daily disdain, around the very rude room, and when the good woman wanted to welcome her guest upon her arrival, she was nowhere to be found. And Daniel Hosner's mother, quick to perceive the motive, left her to have some time to give it. Nevertheless, for the short time she expected the little girl to stay, she treated her with motherly kindness. And Daniel Hosner went back to his office, at St. Iles. The next day, however, he received a letter from the worthy Mrs. Percival, whom the child described as an elderly lady, living on her own estate, in the city of Hagerstown. She was very much surprised, and no answer was received to the letter. The child was overjoyed at the very idea of her return, and complained heartily of the additional trouble and expense of the little lady. Daniel Hosner, in the city of B——, read the letter, and a very thankless child, besides. This was one of the few, the patriotic, unselfish natures. Daniel Hosner, on the contrary, thought that the most beautiful and delightful creature he ever was caught—her pride and fire natural to her, and easily subdued—yet he wished to keep her for a better object.

As months slid into a year, and no letter had been received from England, and every day the family were dwelling up with Augusta, Daniel's conscience was clearing of her joy—for he felt the right of possession to his "prize" undisputed. Had he, however, been asked at this time what his object was in respect to the child of his charge? He could not tell—he could not have answered—for the present, she was his "prize," and he felt joy in her. He could not have parted with her, and he felt that he could have been—only in a greater degree.

Daniel Hosner's mother was a notable housewife. She brought all her own daughters up to work. And being now deprived of assistance, the little lady seemed permanently settled upon them, the worthy woman thought proper to try her mettle at work. But what she did was rendered to act Augusta to work, she found an insurmountable obstacle in the child's own disposition. From some constitutional or acquired antipathy or indisposition to manual labor, the little lady's performance of her tasks was a farce. And this notoriously increased the estrangement between the orphan and her protector.

And the latter would often say—

"I wonder what the little limb thinks of her self—that she was not knitting three hundred stockings, and making three hundred pairs of her clothes, and Hasty and Lazy washing her stockings?"

It might have answered her that the little limb thought nothing at all about it, or thought it was perfectly natural and right that she should be so served, and would have felt herself wronged, and been very indignant at any neglect or deficiency on their part. And so passed the time until the little Lady Augusta had been domesticated with them three years.

Daniel Hosner had continued, up to this time, to reside under his father's roof, walking to the village every morning, and walking back home every evening, and throwing the greater part of his income into the common family stock. But now the period had arrived when he must quit his mother's house. He was a candidate for admission to the bar, and he found it necessary to transfer himself from the office of his first patron, Mr. Wright, of St. Iles, to that of the celebrated barrister, Stephen Bell Gosling, Esq., of H——, the county seat. While Daniel's wardrobe was ready for this journey, his mother was anxious-ly busy, and whose eyes were frequently filled with tears. Augusta's fingers into her service, and failed in doing so, of course. The good women's tender eyes could not but see that Daniel, and he gave the little lady a round lecture upon pride, inadvertent ingratitude, a homily that was more remarkable for sagacity than justice. Augusta sat in haughty sullenness, feigning to attend to nothing. And when Daniel Hosner came home in the evening, she declined coming to the supper table, and when that meal was over, and the table cleared away, she flatly gathered around the evening fire, she went up to the stand under the lamp, and took down a book.

"Mr. Hosner," (for she never could be allured into familiarity with any of the family, not even with her friend Daniel, as she said,) "if I may ask you very will I fell out of my father's house, and into yours. If you have any kindness for me, you will not refuse me this favor."

"Miss!"

"And a Queen Eagle?"

"An Eagle!"

"Then I should not consent with *cross* who looked upon me," exclaimed Augusta, flashing a glance of withering scorn upon Daniel's master, as she rose and haughtily left the room.

"And that is the way," said the latter, "she often insults me."

"She has done very wrong, my mother, and has very much grieved us all. I must try to make her sensible of her fault. Nothing, certainly, *nothing* can *excuse* her conduct—and yet, my dear mother, there is much that *palliates* her fault. Let us not rashly and hastily judge the offender, without having duly and carefully considered the cause. We must remember her birth, education and nurture, and her total inexperience of the conditions of poverty. It would take years to make her understand her real position and case. Still, as I premised, I will endeavor to make her sensible of her fault. And in the end, I promise you that it shall not be repeated."

So Daniel Hosner sought to soothe his mother's exasperated temper. But she treasured up the offence. Daniel Hosner spent the evening in thought. The next morning after breakfast, when all the family were together, he announced his intention of sending Augusta to a boarding school. His mother grieved that work she was engaged in, and gazed at him in speechless astonishment and anger. Daniel Hosner, upon this, explained that the child's dependence in H——, he should take Augusta home with him, and place her at Dr. Grady's Academy, under the charge of the poem name—saying, in conclusion, that he knew his little girl required better moral and intellectual training than she could receive from himself or any member of his family. Then he smoothed down her voice, and broke forth in a storm of reproaches. She told him that it would break him, before he got through with it, that three hundred a year—a monstrous extravagance! He replied quietly that he could afford it now from the profits of his office custom, without even diminishing the amount he had been accustomed to add to the family stock. She avowed, in a fury manner, that if he had so much money to throw away, it would be more creditable to send one of his own sisters to boarding-school than this insolent stranger. Daniel Hosner's consciousness of his own little girl, to the handsome, blooming, senseless faces of his sisters, and after a short pause he said that the change would be beneficial to her in many essential needs, while his little Augusta, being endowed with a superior mind, required a much higher degree of culture. This simple, straightforward manner of reasoning provoked a fierce retort from his mother, which was received by him with perfect composure.

The next day, he responded his mother and sisters to get little Augusta's wardrobe ready for her to go to school—a request that they flatly refused to comply with. Daniel Hosner then purchased a hood and cloak, and took his little protege to E——, and entered her for five years at the convent school, placing in the hands of the Mother Superior an ample sum of money to supply her wardrobe, and cause expenses.

Daniel Hosner, engrossed with his profession and with politics, his passion, did not see his protege during all those years. It is true, he had not intended so to abandon her—he had purposed to visit her every year, but after missing the first annual visit, it was easy to forego the succeeding ones. Besides, the formal, half-yearly reports of the Mother Superior, annexed him as the health and progress of his little girl. These reports were fraught with blessing and uninterrupted prosperity to all concerned—First, of the worthy blacksmith's family. Augusta's letters, John and Joseph, were established in a small but steadily progressive business as hard-ware merchants, in B——. Daniel Hosner was ringingly to fame and fortune. Tabitha, the eldest daughter, was married to a neighboring farmer, of that rare quality of mind that prefers in a wife, worth to wealth. Lastly, a substantial home house, comfortably furnished, had taken the place of the Old Log Cottage, and here the blacksmith's family lived at ease.

And to Augusta Percival these years had brought some knowledge and experience, with some of the wisdom that is the fruit of both. A girl's boarding-school is the great world on a small scale. And in the numerous life the little girl learned how to estimate the value of the friends that had been conferred upon her, and from the meek, gentle and pious sisters she learned how to be grateful for them. She looked back with late remorse upon her childish rebellion against Daniel Hosner's mother. What if that good woman had scolded her occasionally? She had scolded her own children with a great deal more harshness—for their good."

And Augusta felt sure that, besides having no natural claim upon the worthy woman's affection and forbearance, as her daughter had, she had been far more perverse and exasperating than the whole of them together. And these reflections inspired the young girl with many good resolutions for the future.

In this manner, the years slipped away—Augusta was now nearly seventeen years of age. And at the close of the term, the Mother Superior, instead of sending her till for the next half-year in advance, wrote to remind Mr. Hosner that the time for which he had entered her child, with youth's logic, thought very ill of her; and, moreover, succeeded in making her family think ill of her. The skeleton of Augusta would have been insupportable, but for the presence of Daniel Hosner, who, in the interval of the writing of the Court, was spending the summer at home. It was impossible to look at him, or think of his virtues without admiring him, and impossible to admire without adoring him. He was so great and good in every relation of public or private life—and she felt that she should go on adoring him to her life's end. There never breathed a prouder woman than Augusta Percival: she would have left desperate deeds to others, to have blazed out upon this penniless Lady Augusta."

"Lady Augusta, indeed! penniless as a pen-feet, and proud as a Spaniard, the third remove from a king, and the tenth from a suit of clothes."

"But for all that not too proud to almost *eat* my brother to have her!"

The indignant blood mounted to Augusta's brow. Rising with surpassing majesty of mien, she said,

"There is one thing about noble blood of which you know nothing—it is that it cannot offer or receive insult." And she was about to pass from the room.

"Oh, my lady is indignant! that is because *Daniel* is away. She ought to have *Daniel* here to quell her." For if she did count Daniel, she found a master who knew how to quell her behave herself!" said the mother, who had not observed her.

Now this was very insulting. It was stripping the veil from her worshipping heart, and making her very devotion the means to wound him. And in her own eyes, or it might have done so, but that the "perfect love" which "casteth out fear"—casteth out pride and vanity, wrath and egotism, and every form of sinfulness!

"She wants Daniel here to see me insult her!"

Yes, it was very insulting! yet! no sooner had the indignant words been breathed than she felt that it's clouds fled from her face, which, suddenly, as by the rising of some inward day-star, was irradiated with light and love!

"Yes," she said. "I am sure was! Name Daniel Hosner to me, and I am sure to think that you are dear to him, and sacred from my remembrance. I cannot be angry with those he loves." And with the last words she had passed through the room and went out.

Mrs. Hosner, astonished, aghast, was very severely tried. It was one morning after breakfast when the whole family were assembled in the "big parlor." The weekly number stood at a table in the centre of the room, engaged in cutting out household linen, and distributing the different pieces to her industrious daughters, who, with their stout thimbles on their fingers, and scissors dangling at their sides, stood around her, prepared to receive and begin sewing it up. And every now and then the good woman would cast wrathful glances at her daughter-in-law, Augusta, who had with-drawn herself to a distant sunny window, where, with her elegant work-box on a stand before her, she was agreeably "running her time" with sorting out bright-colored silks for her unskilful work, an occupation of which she was fond. Daniel Hosner sat quiet on a sofa on the opposite side of the room from Augusta. He was holding a book, which he read with intelligence before him, and was supposed to be too much engrossed in the reading referred, to hear or see anything that was going on around him. At last the chiefly forbearance with at the table would no longer; but snatching up a portion of the linen, she rose up to the stand, and coolly taking the work-box out of the way, laid the bundle of linen in its place, saying,

"Miss, will you be so good as to make up those dozen pillow-cases?"

Augusta looked up, seeking her brown with surprise.

"I am otherwise occupied," she said, with some pride, and resumed the sorting of her silks.

The angry woman snatched up the bundle of linen, and darting a glance at her son, who seemed buried in the perusal of his paper, she left the room.

A proper conception, indeed, for one who forced herself into the family without adding a penny to its income, while she doubles all its expenses!" and then followed a bitter tissue upon patrician purposeless and profitlessness of mend. And Augusta's in particular.

The blood rushed to Augusta's brow, crimsoning it all over, and distending the veins as if they would break—at first she could not speak, then—

"I am otherwise occupied," she said, with some pride, and resumed the sorting of her silks.

The angry woman snatched up the bundle of linen, and darting a glance at her son, who seemed buried in the perusal of his paper, she left the room.

"A proper conception, indeed, for one who forced herself into the family without adding a penny to its income, while she doubles all its expenses!" and then followed a bitter tissue upon patrician purposeless and profitlessness of mend. And Augusta's in particular.

The blood rushed to Augusta's brow, crimsoning it all over, and distending the veins as if they would break—at first she could not speak, then—

"Mother, will you be so good as to make up those dozen pillow-cases?"

Augusta looked up, seeking her brown with surprise.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. XVI.

Blackheath Park, July 22nd, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. PETERSON:—On the night of the 14th, there came off a grand conversazione at the Mansion House, which we attended. There had been nearly two thousand invitations issued—there were present, I suppose, at least fifteen hundred people, yet none of the rooms—except it be the supper-room—were uncomfortably crowded. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress received their guests with a simple cordiality, which reminded me of the manner in which our President and his family receive,—indeed, the whole affair, but for the gorgeous, quaint, old-time livery of the servants, would have seemed very like a *levee* at the White House. But never yet have so many distinguished people come together at any one gathering in America.

We early took a position near the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, where we could have a good view of the notabilities as they were announced and presented.

Sir Charles Eastlake and Sir Edward Landseer entered nearly at the same time. They are both short and stout—the latter especially so, yet apparently quick to nervousness in his movement—as he entered the drawing-room with a sort of plunge, as though violently propelled. A striking contrast was presented by Miss Strickland and Miss Pardoe—the former in her stiff, towering figure, formal manner and solemn tones, reproducing much of the antique stateliness of the early "Queens;" the latter, though past the first bloom of youth, still plump and pretty, cheerful, chatty and charming.

There was Mary Howitt, with her pleasant, sympathetic face, aglow with kindly animation, and her lovely daughter, who, beside being an artist of rare poetic genius, has lately taken to authorship, and produced a very successful book. There was George Cruikshank, a rather eccentric individual, with long, straggling locks—and Martin Tupper, as ruddy and smiling—frank and warm-hearted as ever—and Dr. Bowring, who has just returned from China, a tall, thin man in spectacles, who was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, to whom he talked in a merry, animated manner, not at all in the Bowring style. Then there was Risk Allah, the Secretary of the Turkish Embassy, a handsome young oriental, who is a good deal lionized just now, on account of a very clever book he has lately written in English. There was Albert Smith, who flung his jokes right and left as he passed through the crowd, and left a wake of laughter behind him. Charles Mackay, the poet of the people—the whole-souled and true-hearted man, and Mary Cowden Clarke, of Shaksperian fame.

Most of the foreign Ministers were present, and a number of the highest nobility. The Duchess of Sutherland came with her son-in-law, the young Duke of Argyle. She was dressed simply, in white, with a few flowers at the back of her hair, and a single diamond ornament, throbbing like a star upon her forehead. Her Grace is a younger but a less beautiful woman than I expected to see. Her beauty of face is by no means regular and perfect, and she is very stout, but the *tout-ensemble* is striking and imposing in the highest degree. She has a gracious, but a most regal expression, and in her manner and bearing there is a wonderful union of pride and softness, of stateliness and grace.

Altogether she is a grand looking woman, for whom some high title would have been invented had she been born in a Republic, so royal, so absolutely imperial is her presence.

The Duke of Argyle, is a small, delicate, red-haired young man, redeemed from plainness and insignificance, even by the side of his majestic mother-in-law, by an expression of great cleverness and refinement.

We had fine music throughout the evening, and dancing during the latter part—but the chief pleasure was, of course, in conversation. Altogether, it was a brilliant and delightful entertainment—a golden occasion, to be long and pleasantly remembered.

This afternoon we have visited and gone over the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham. It is admirably situated, on an eminence commanding rich and beautiful views in every direction. It is an immense edifice—and will be, when finished, one of the wonders of the world.

The sculpture-galleries promise to be very complete. There are already three fine plaster

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

General News.

THE YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Sept. 3.—The yellow fever is increasing to a terrible extent. The deaths for the last three days were as follows:

	Yel. Fever.	Oth. Diseases.	Total
Aug. 31,	101	18	119
Sept. 1,	98	17	115
" 2,	113	18	131

The Howard Association, since the fever began, have attended to over 9,000 cases, and the whole number will probably exceed 12,000. They have nursed gratuitously to the amount of $70,000, and have had bills presented to over $90,000, with more still to come.

The Picayune gives the total number of fever deaths, since the commencement of epidemic, as six thousand four hundred and forty-nine.

Though it is stated as above, that the Howard Association has received only $90,000 from Philadelphia, the following table makes the following calculation:—

New Orleans,	$50,000	Philadelphia,	$20,000
Mobile,	10,000	Boston,	15,000
Natchez,	2,000	New York,	50,000
Charleston,	6,767	Pittsburg,	6,000
Louisville,	2,000	Cincinnati,	2,000
Memphis,	3,000	Washington,	3,000
Nashville,	2,000	Georgetown,	1,000
Providence, R. I.,	2,000	Mobile,	1,000
Norfolk,	1,000	Wilmington, N C.,	1,000
Lynchburg, Va.,	450	Portsmouth, Va.,	500
Petersburg, Va.,	1,000	Fort Hatteras, Cape,	200
Alexandria,	500	Fort Macon,	200
Savannah,	1,000	Fort Hamilton,	247
Augusta, Ga.,	1,000	Fort Columbus,	247
Portland, Me.,	250	Columbia, S. C.,	1,000
Salem,	250	Camden, S. C.,	1,000
Barnum Chilton,	100	Dempster's Cement,	90
Fall River, Mass.,	1,000	Total,	$1,000
Lowell,	1,000		
Rindell Cove Troupe,	225		
Citizens of N. Y. Steamship in N. York,	2,000		
Pruchner, N. Y., from Hon. Gerrit Smith,	1,000		
Total,	$1,000,138		

TORNADO IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The valley of the RIVER ROAD, in the north part of Readsboro, was visited on Saturday afternoon by a tornado, a violent, but very limited storm.

The tornado commenced at a point about three miles below the settlement, and did not cause nothing in terrible fury up the valley. Everything in the track was swept away. Trees a foot and a half thick were twisted off, and whole acres were leveled with the ground. Fences without number were completely demolished, and the fragments scattered in every direction. A number of dwelling houses had their roofs torn off, and a large steam chimney in the track of the wind was thrown down. The storm was confined to the valley suffered severely, and a vast amount of property was destroyed.

After passing over about three miles, the tornado reached the village of Readsboro, through one part of the village of Wheelerville, while the other portion formed the lower part of the village. Here great damage was done to several houses, whether being unroofed, and otherwise injured. The steeple of the Baptist Church was blown down in the street.

Fortunately no lives were lost, and so per son, so far as we have learned, hurt. The destruction of property is quite large, but we have not been able to obtain figures. The track of the tornado is marked by uptorn trees, broken fences, and ruined buildings.

The tornado resembled a column of vapor or white mist, about ten rods wide, and its passage was accompanied by a low roaring sound.

It is almost miraculous that no one was injured. The destruction of property is very considerable; but the extent of the damage is unknown, as the storm reached the valley in such a manner confined to Wheelerton, but extended for three miles.—*Boston Traveller, Aug. 29th.*

THE NORWICH CATASTROPHE.—ACQUITTAL OF UNDERWOOD AND CAMPBELL.—Norwich, Aug. 29, 1853.—The Court convened at 11 A. M., and the Jury in the case came into Court to-day. The Court room was filled by an anxious crowd. The Jury were called, and answered to their names as usual. They came to the witness stand, and the Foreman of the Jury, one of the three dissenting jurors by whose will the prisoner was to go free or suffer imprisonment pendent, and he whose return they were anxiously looking, was then sworn.

The jury having been called, were inquired of by the Clerk:

Have you agreed upon a verdict?

Answer—Yes.

Clerk—Who shall say for you?

Answer—I shall.

Clerk—Prisoner, rise up. Foreman, look upon the prisoner and say what is the verdict he is guilty or not guilty of the crime charged upon him in the first count in the information?

Foreman.—NOT GUILTY.

Clerk—Guilty or not guilty on the second count?

Foreman.—Not guilty.

Clerk—And you say all guilty on the third count?

Foreman—Not guilty.

Immediately upon the rendition of the verdict, the spectators in the crowded court room began clapping their hands and stamping upon the floor. Order was soon restored, but not till expressed by the officers of the Court, and order was restored.

A TRAVELLING HOTEL.—A Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in a letter dated August 15, gives the following account of a hotel on wheels, which is to be run in connection with the Exhibition. The world is soon to realize the French boast in the matter of railroad facilities, and the Grand Hotel du Monde, the Grand of L——, has invented and organized a system of locomotion whereby every man, for his own private use, with which he intends to travel with the speed of the express railroads of France. It is a complete house, with all its appendages—cellar, kitchen, parlor, and bedroom—and is a packet, bedrooms, with beds billiard room, kitchen, cellar, and wine vaults. It will hold a score of wits, ice-house, &c., in one word, all the elegancies and comforts of modern life, and the agreeable, of a dwelling the most complete and the most luxurious that is to be found in the French race, very wide. It is made so that it can be transported on a railway car of wheels, other, though that seems of no importance, since the whole is to be drawn by horses, and the same wide gauge This travelling hotel has cost the proprietor about $40,000, and he says he is at this moment attracting great attention at the depot of the Lyons railroad.

THE TORNADO REDIVIVUS.—St. THOMAS, Sunday, Aug. 28, 1853.—The Merlin arrived here on the 25th inst., from Aux Cayes, and New York to the 9th inst. Mr. Helm, the newly appointed American consul, was a passenger by the brilliou.

The civil authorities at Yuruais, appointed by the English and Danish soldiers, have declared themselves free, and are openly supporting the revolution.

About thirty of the chief actors in the rebellion have been apprehended, and are under close confinement. The insurrection appears to be at an end, for the present, at least.

The Danish Government has issued a decree, that at length the Dot of Copenhagen has consented to the emancipation of the negroes, and free in the Danish West India Colonies in 1848. This is the most important measure of the kind, which is formed a part, by two or three lords and Kings, of the treaty of Vienna, and assigned to the time of emancipation, and was a large mortgage locked upon the revenue.

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.—A gentleman who has lately received letters patent from England, with the "Great Seal" attached, describes the impression of British Sovereignty as follows:

"The seal of Her Majesty is to-day and yesterday what it was in the reign of Anne. The publican country, but a solid cake of wax, some two inches in diameter, and three inches in thickness, and weighing at least three pounds. It was confined to the back of the letter by a piece of twine, of which it formed a part, by two or three yards of which it was bound. The whole was then packed in a wooden case about one foot square. The case was then sealed with another seal of wax, among which was a figure of the Queen on horseback.

FROM MEXICO.—BALTIMORE, Sept. 2.—Accounts received to New Orleans from Tampico to the 24th inst. state that the Mexican Government have contracted upon meeting the sum of government debt, with the Government of Tampico to Camargo, in order that the freight may be more easily transported.

They consider that they have no reason to fear any invasion of the Texans, as the latter state that "forewarned is forearmed."

The collection of the revenue has been quiet. Some of the officers were shot, and pistolled some months ago.

AUSTRALIA.—Advices to June 15th say that the total amount of gold received at Melbourne, from the Victorian gold fields, since the first few months of the present year was 600,000 ounces, and that the total for the year will be over the same period of last year. The population continues to flock to the gold fields, the chances of success were high. At Melbourne everything was at a standstill, the vast increase of the population having caused a great scarcity of provisions. Labor could not be had for more hands which would not be demanded for large sections in England.

MEXICO NOT DISPOSED TO WAR.—J. M. Cotton, collector of the Port of New York, who was there in no talk of war on the frontier, between Mexico and the United States. He says that *great preparations are being made by the former.* To prevent smuggling, which is carried on to an indefinite extent on the frontier, a corps of revenue troops, consisting of 12 to 20 companies of men have been organized, who patrol the river from its mouth to Laredo, a distance probably been magnified into a leading army.

127 The Foreign Imports for the month of August, at the Port of New York, are the value of $4,885,386, as compared with the same month of last year. Of the increase, nearly half a million of dollars is in specie, and $1,866,000 are in goods entered for warehousing.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—*Baltimore, September 2.*—Intelligence has been received at the Navy Department, that Feaxel Mehlphoon J. J. Hanson, one of the Gardner Commission that went to Borneo with Major Mondonel, died at Pensacola, of yellow fever, on the 25th ult.

POLITICAL NEWS.

127 The Free-Soil State Convention in New York has adopted the Buffalo Platform, word for word at the next election. It is as follows:

Chairman—Seth M. Gates, of Wyoming.
Attorney-General—John Jay, of New York.
Treasurer—Nelson Beebe, of Onondaga.
Canal Commissioner—Charles G. Cannon.
Prize Commissioner—Thomas Newcomb, of Cayuga.

Engineer—Silas Cornell, of Monroe.
Judges of Court of Appeals (full term)—Leonard Kip, of Rensselaer; Ira Harris, of Albany; E. J. Chase, of Niagara.
Judge of Court of Appeals—Thomas W. Pratt, of Onondaga.

The Portland, Me., regrets the Maine Law upon the platform was defeated.

SUPERIOR PRINCIPLES OF FIRE.—The U. S. steamer Mississippi, on her passage from the Gulf Coast to Pictou, N. S., took fire on the 20th. About mid-day the alarm was sounded, the men were sent to quarters, the hose and fire apparatus were brought into play, and by the vigilance and activity of the officers, the danger was soon over. An hour afterwards the men were pouring out from the hold, and another fire was discovered. The officers, the crew rushed out over the fore hatch and head, and clap boarding in the vicinity of the hatches. The wind was so flood to be thoroughly cleared. The coal in the bunkers was on fire, as in both of which the overheat it before trusting it further. The fire in the hold raged for hours. The last count resulted in the destruction of twenty pounds of steam, performed 212 revolutions per minute, consuming 2,000 lbs. of coal per hour. The engineer in charge of the engines and the men who had labored in the midst of the surrounding wood went to on fire, and her machinery descended.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The London Daily News announces that Austria has issued a long Address to the Hungarian people, declaring that she was right in the Smyrna affair, and that the right of Austria to the full execution of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States.

The scaffolding of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham fell, killing three persons, and severely wounding twenty.

A letter from Florence, 14th ult., states that a popular demonstration was made in favor of Kossuth on the occasion of the departure of the new host. Two shells were exploded in the streets of the Grand Duke. The citizens, moreover, refused to illuminate on their houses in honor of the event. There was still a prison on the 14th; no day was fixed for the liberation of the Hungarian exiles. Austria has received orders from the Government to demand the right of pursuit on the Turkish frontier.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE BANQUET.—The Great Vegetarian Banquet, prepared by the Sons of Temperance, in Metropolitan Hall, in honor of the whole World's Temperance Convention, now in session in this city, was a complete success. Upwards of two thousand persons were accommodations for 500 guests. Upwards of two thousand persons were present. The Eastern States is being celebrated in this city. Last evening there was a grand flight procession through the streets of New York was held by the Sons of Temperance, in honor of the arrival of deputations from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

The Turtons are a happy "friendish and contented people." Their domestic peace is never corrupted by political and other slippers, and they are strangers to the bitter cheer of our German citizens. Their motto is, "cheerful, but moderate." Their wives are esteemed as educating their principal object. Rest re ligion, and the cultivation of the mind. No woman is spared their path through life with the sweet flowers of domestic felicity.—*Boston Traveller.*

TEXAS.—Some twenty five or thirty elders and dignitaries of the Mormon Church arrived in this city last week, from Salt Lake, from Utah, and are on the way to various parts of the United States. They came by way of Texas, they bring from the Plains is favorable. There has been no disease among emigrants, and but very few deaths. Two hundred and fifty graves along the route, and the number would have been much greater but for the skill and attention of the Mormon physicians, who were detailed by the Territory for the Washington Republic. No perfect remedy could be obtained, and they therefore adopted as a substitute the bark of white oak, which is the bark of which was donated

Selected Poetry.

THE POPE AND ST. PETER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It seemed, that while the pious images of Peter
Bought in the Apostle-relish, from the Pope prevailed,
What time the holy Bambino stayed his hands,
(The Blue and Scarlet-dressed that month a Monk's Bambino
Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome)

To bless the obduracy of Candiot,
And sanctify his iron heresies
And Greek contempt of our baptism,
That the good pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
Of the bright Orient; and behold the lake,
The sloth, and island, forest at the Master's feet,
And over up-winds, and, eternity over all,
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise
From Heaven to Earth, in ever-rounds of song.
He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,
Good will to men, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer sun
And hot winds of the desert, came down
His father's hotel, and girded up his loins,
And spoke, as one who had authority
"Come then with me."

Lake-reds and eastern city
And the sweet song of angels passed away,
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
The priest, and the errant fisher by his side,
Behold the eternal city hill-in-dome,
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp
Above the time-steppers. On his left
The bloom of burning tribes rose and fell,
And immensely the morning's banner of gold
Roused from the travellers; and, within the walls,
The sound of shells, low grunts of camels kneeling,
Horse, drum-beat, and the clanging brass bell,
And tramp of beats, and rage in a mingled sound,
Half war and half defiance. And the pair
The gate of Tiut Pancratio, bottom found
Planted within high about them, and stood there
Clothed the long street, with garbed and gory
priests.

A ghostly barricade of mangled flesh—
Front which, at times, quivered a living hand,
And where life moved and moaned. A father tore
His gray locks, by the body of his son
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
Of more than mid-noonday light, as if the mail-clad Saint,
Crashed and mangled by the clustering shell

Then spoke the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
The blessed Master and His works of love;
Look now on these! How at their fair aspects may
Above thee quail! How shall'st thou appear
Before the Judge? Thou art the Prince of Peace!
Then the sworn war of His chosen sons?
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
In the dear Master's name, and for the love
Of His true Church proclaim them not Christ,
Also and anathema from His holy fane!
Woe to the difference between flesh and life,
The hate of man and the great love of God
Return, and repent!"

Thereat the pastoral wrist,
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream,
"What means he?" cried the Roman. "Nothing
more
Than that your mercury hath all too well
Listened for your poor parents, and that, in search,
The Holy Father's other tentacle, lost,
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile

National Era.

Selected Articles.

LONDON STREET MARKETS ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

From the London "Leisure Hour," published by the Religious Tract Society, we take the following picture of scenes in London on Saturday night in the great British metropolis:—

Owing to the system of late payments which prevails in too many establishments, there is a constant succession of working men who, as they have just received their market money, find new housing to lay in a stock of provisions for the morrow, or it may be for the best part of the ensuing week. Hester on arm, they group round through the vegetable market, examining the cabbages and lettuces, pressing the potatoes with vigorous thumb, or passing greenery by the handful to judges of their sentence by weight. Here a weather worn matron is musing pensively over a barrel of herrings, from which she finally extracts a ham or a bonus, which she strikes a bargain as to which person a pound. The butcher, with watering tongs, is still firing off his "buy! buy! what d'ye buy?" and his assistant on busy hire is hacking, hagging, chaffering, chopping and weighing pounds and half pounds of meat or chop, with now and then a small joint.

There is a steady and clustering din, continuous as the noises of a rather quiet, country town from all sides, varied occasionally by an uproarious oration or a drunken jeer. At the shop door under the awning the traffic is at its height: laboring men are trying, on fruiterers' barrels and greasy crimson waistcoats, or on the throbbing themselves with spotted "neckerchiefs" anxious mothers, leading their ragged urchin sons by the hand, are fitting their matted heads with a fourpenny cap, or their protruding toes with a pair of Sunday shoes; a sempstress is chopping a pair of iron-soled bitchers, of seven pound weight, while a shabbery girl bids eloquence for a washed pair of dancing shoes, which she stuffs into her pocket, her basket being already overloaded with pig's cheek, potatoes, bread, and a pig's face.

The pawnbroker's shop is crammed full with his thrifties and imprevident patrons. It is going to be a fine day to-morrow; the washer has set in tub, and there is to be "a' at tea," this account, Tom and Ned and Harry, and Polly and Sally and Madge, and the whole of the improvident pledge-taking fraternity and sisterhood, are flocking to the golden balls to get their best clothes out of pawn, that they may not be short up at home for the want of something to wear about the head, feet, and trousers—shawls, dresses and nondescriptions, paying from twenty to fifty per cent. per annum for the temporary use or abuse of the paltry sum raised upon them. On the other hand, clothes and household conveniences are brought to the general depository by the starving, the sick, the bereaved, the drunken, the pierced, who, but for the low prices or shilling at two thus desperately secured, would be dinnerless on the morrow.

We must not omit one regulative feature, which unhappily is never wanting in any poor man's Saturday night market. You can scarce by stand a minute in any part of it without recognizing in the disguised features of "Jack" a visitor to the multifarious trade in impostures of all kinds, which is carried on during the hours of the preceding midnight, wherever the poor and the laboring classes are drawn together to spend their hard earnings. Here is the quack patriot, pale as the shopkeepers and mall owners prepare their goods and display their wares to attract customers to tempt the desires of the moneyed customers, so do the vile dealers in simulated watery and adulterated poisons, the quack and heart-rending exhibitors to speculate upon the pockets of their victims. Every fine Saturday night in London, the lame, the halt, and the blind, the maimed, the mutilated and the crippled, the widowed and the deserted, are manufactured by hundreds to reap the harvest of a certain amount of benevolence which is known to characterize the lower orders of the London working populace, the majority of whom, it should be remembered, are not Londoners born, but country-bred artizans who have come hither in pursuit of employment.

These miscreants display a wonderful ingenuity in the concoction of their stratagems and disguises. If the weather be cold, they are all in the genteel occasion, they resort to some irreparable calamity as their stock in trade, such as total blindness or a semi-paralysis. If, however, it rain, hail, and blow a tempest, and the roads are running with streams of liquid mud, then the domestic misery chain is most productive, and in the place of tragic-pic subject jabbering on crutches, you will see a group of motherless children, all with clean faces, and clothes which seem, standing there, bonded in the rain, and bonded by a fast-retreatable looking man, who, with a doleful tale about his want of work, his long sojourn in the hospital, and the death of his wife, who has left him with six helpless babes for whose hapless sake he is compelled to appeal to your charitable feelings, as he cannot leave them working in their behalf. In some instances such appeals may be genuine, but the probability is that he has kicked the children at their lodgings' mistress, at sixpence a head for the night, and there is no doubt but he will make a good speculation of it before the night is over, and in all probability get drunk with the proceeds.

Another very remunerative deception is "the poor gentleman." A young fellow of five and-twenty, with a pale, sallow, and sun-begrimed countenance, stands with his back against a gas-lamp or the wall. He is clad in an embroidered, gentlemanly garb of refined black cloth, dirted, linen and shabby by constant wear; a dress-white collar contrasts forcibly with the jet-line hue of the dirty countenance; and sweet-white whiskers of unspotted cleanliness, but draggled ends and tattered tufts, betoken his habits and the hardness of his struggle to maintain a genteel appearance, but conceal his features from the gaze by which he, perhaps, is known in other localities. Around his brow there is a fillet of white linen, and he wears a green shade over his eyes. His one, it seemed, as he leans his head in an ungle indicative of tenderness, is bandaged. Occasionally he removes the sacredly covers of lotion and cancelled cognitation, against which the hearts of poor feeling and chief writers are not proof, and you see, then, with a half expressed sympathetic start, that the bandage is only for a sham of the heart-sore, which the unprincipled fellow will dissipate before the doors in the neighbor-hood of the theatres and eating-houses among whom he is renowned as an universal genius.

Blind men, with a pair of excellent eyes under a bandage, chest their lying duties. Men, who could walk as well as a horse, if anything were to be got by it, hobble about on wooden legs, bearing leathers for the sake of the yard, and begging your coolers for an old tar, lamed for life in a cruise against the slave ships of the African coast. Wretched looking men, with old infants at the breast—borrowed babies, which will have to be returned to an hour or two—unite their squalling voices to the general hubbub. Pitiless cripples, proof against any quantity of tears, and steeped in falsehood to their lips, are cheating pious hymns to psalm tunes, and leaving their fellow-leaned upon as though they had bidden farewell to hope upon earth. Even children of tender age, trained to those abominable callings, are making themselves upon the curb-stones, crying and moaning with anguish, in the endeavor to demand the copious without fool to eat or shelter for the night. These villainous deceptions all originate in the Mint, Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, but the poor are never ready to help the distressed, and it is time beyond a doubt, that the public were made acquainted with the lower and laboring ranks how gives rise to a thousand devices of unfeeling fraud, which makes a prey of their charitable tenderness.

ESCAPE OF FONTANE.

During the siege of Lyons, Fontane had been shut up with his family in the cellar of the only house left standing in the ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his young wife and infant, he received at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away with safety and his other valuable articles, then considered quite anti-republican. Among these valuables was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, for which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardinia. Fontane grasped at the idea that the chalice should be discovered, as being a vessel used in the service of the church, and bearing the arms of royalty. It would tell as a threefold proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking the consecrated bread in the house of a friend who had been a nursery gardener.

The poet then had made all his feudal arrangements and set about exchanging his clothes to give himself another appearance.

Having procured a blouse, some pantaloons, and shoemaker full of large nails, his hair cropped, and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the garden of his friend in the character of a gardener's porter, with a heavy basket of cabbages on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death, for there it stood, always ready for use, with a sans-culotte standard. His wife trembled at the sight. Then their situation was awful. But reason and necessity urged them on. Fontane remained as last a decided poor, and, as he stood in front of the guillotine, grasping the basket in dusty with his hand, and knocked off his hat, strap as if to ease himself, he looked steadily at the scaffold.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him.

"Are you afraid," said he to Fontane, "that you look in this way at the national razor?"

"Afraid," said Fontane. "Do you take me for a Federalist, that I should be frightened at a sight of a guillotine? Name God, citizen, that I am; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?"

"Why do you?" said a second interrogator, addressing Fontane.

"I am a butcher and sexton."

"And this good woman?"

"What a question," said Fontane. "Look at that little female, if you please, with a face—"

Yves la Republique!"

"Ah! that's good!" said the miscreant, "you're a good one. Down with the moderates and aristocrats. *Vive la Republique!* and *Vive la Montagne!*"

Fontane could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble and took her hand.

"Come, wife," said he, "let us have a walk."

"Ay, and a dance, too," said the barbarian, patted and gaudy crimson waistcoat, as he threw himself into a sort of Bacchanalian attitude.

"But I—I——"

"Nonsense—nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what's the matter with you? Are you going to run?"

Fontane objected and resisted for awhile, but was soon obliged to submit; and, wiping the face from moisture, which the fear of being in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from within, was ready to start. It was in place of a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy. Oh! the fatal chalice! All hope of safety was gone; he was on the point of delivering himself up and claiming the protection of the guillotine, when he thought that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily, he roused himself, clapped his hands and assumed a joyful aspect.

"Hallo! my friend," cried one of the fellows, "you're wonderfully merry all of a sudden."

"A thought struck me!" said Fontane, "a bold idea! You see my poor wife! I knew the Carmagnole air was raised her spirits. I have my good fellows, let us dance it."

He then passed it with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

"What now! don't make a wry face, wife," said he. "Excuse her, citizens, she's timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—here, here, that's right. Now, all join hands and sing. Vive la Republique! Come, friends, join hands for the ring. Viv patriotic dance!"

Madame Fontane now comprehended what was required of her, and joined in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over, the look on her husband's face was so expressive, that she replaced the child on the basket, and put it upon his shoulder. He made his with the cap, and a shout of laughter was the ring the *Chasse des Drapeau*. And so they escaped.

SCARLETINE FEAT.—A Paris correspondent of the London Times gives an account of the recent of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an India rubber rope, was duly performed, but without any result to the scientific exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet been permitted to witness. The rope was cut by the axe of the balloon hung the India rubber cord, descending with the velocity of lightning, and was fastened to the other side of the car. It then formed a strong loop. The *aéronaut* was dressed as a Mercury; his body, from the waist to the small of his back, was enclosed in a frame work, which I should be unmeasurable, as not Londoners born, but country-bred actions who have come hither in pursuit of employment.

These miscreants display a wonderful ingenuity in the concoction of their stratagems and disguises. If the weather be cold, they are all in the genteel occasion, they resort to some irreparable calamity as their stock in trade, such as total blindness or a semi-paralysis. If, however, it rain, hail, and blow a tempest, and the roads are running with streams of liquid mud, then the domestic misery chain is most productive, and in the place of tragic-pic subject jabbering on crutches, you will see a group of motherless children, all with clean faces, and clothes which seem, standing there, bonded in the rain, and bonded by a fast-retreatable looking man, who, with a doleful tale about his want of work, his long sojourn in the hospital, and the death of his wife, who has left him with six helpless babes for whose hapless sake he is compelled to appeal to your charitable feelings, as he cannot leave them working in their behalf. In some instances such appeals may be genuine, but the probability is that he has kicked the children at their lodgings' mistress, at sixpence a head for the night, and there is no doubt but he will make a good speculation of it before the night is over, and in all probability get drunk with the proceeds.

Another very remunerative deception is "the poor gentleman." A young fellow of five and-twenty, with a pale, sallow, and sun-begrimed countenance, stands with his back against a gas-lamp or the wall. He is clad in an embroidered, gentlemanly garb of refined black cloth, dirted, linen and shabby by constant wear; a dress-white collar contrasts forcibly with the jet-

Wit and Humor.

THE NEW POET.

A correspondent has favored us with a personal description of young Alexander Smith, whose poems of fame are now a topic in every England, as well as in our own country:

Correspondence of the Leader, Jan. 3rd, 1852.

A few evenings since, I was invited to a friend's house, where a company of literary men were assembled. I was introduced among the youngest and most enchanting of the Scottish bards. Every eye was turned on the corner of Indies and gentlemen thitherward towards the door, and expectation stood on tiptoe. Few minutes had elapsed after I took my seat, when I had taken captive so many hearts and heads among the admirers of song, "a Gentleman of the Press," and a tall, thin, wiry, straightlimited curate, "and Smith will excite me, I am sure," said a friend to me. "Smith will excite me!" replied the lady of the house, "and we have had, you know, a full share of them, and have been quite spoiled with the unprincipled fellow will dissipate before the doors in the neighbor-hood of the theatres and eating-houses among whom he is renowned as an universal genius.

Blind men, with a pair of excellent eyes under a bandage, chest their lying duties. Men, who could walk as well as a horse, if anything were to be got by it, hobble about on wooden legs, bearing leathers for the sake of the yard, and begging your coolers for an old tar, lamed for life in a cruise against the slave ships of the African coast. Wretched looking men, with old infants at the breast—borrowed babies, which will have to be returned to an hour or two—unite their squalling voices to the general hubbub. Pitiless cripples, proof against any quantity of tears, and steeped in falsehood to their lips, are cheating pious hymns to psalm tunes, and leaving their fellow-leaned upon as though they had bidden farewell to hope upon earth. Even children of tender age, trained to those abominable callings, are making themselves upon the curb-stones, crying and moaning with anguish, in the endeavor to demand the copious without fool to eat or shelter for the night. These villainous deceptions all originate in the Mint, Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, but the poor are never ready to help the distressed, and it is time beyond a doubt, that the public were made acquainted with the lower and laboring ranks how gives rise to a thousand devices of unfeeling fraud, which makes a prey of their charitable tenderness.

ESCAPE OF FONTANE.

During the siege of Lyons, Fontane had been shut up with his family in the cellar of the only house left standing in the ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his young wife and infant, he received at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away with safety and his other valuable articles, then considered quite anti-republican. Among these valuables was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, for which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardinia. Fontane grasped at the idea that the chalice should be discovered, as being a vessel used in the service of the church, and bearing the arms of royalty. It would tell as a threefold proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking the consecrated bread in the house of a friend who had been a nursery gardener.

The poet then had made all his feudal arrangements and set about exchanging his clothes to give himself another appearance.

Having procured a blouse, some pantaloons, and shoemaker full of large nails, his hair cropped, and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the garden of his friend in the character of a gardener's porter, with a heavy basket of cabbages on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death, for there it stood, always ready for use, with a sans-culotte standard. His wife trembled at the sight. Then their situation was awful. But reason and necessity urged them on. Fontane remained as last a decided poor, and, as he stood in front of the guillotine, grasping the basket in dusty with his hand, and knocked off his hat, strap as if to ease himself, he looked steadily at the scaffold.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him.

"Are you afraid," said he to Fontane, "that you look in this way at the national razor?"

"Afraid," said Fontane. "Do you take me for a Federalist, that I should be frightened at a sight of a guillotine? Name God, citizen, that I am; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?"

"Why do you?" said a second interrogator, addressing Fontane.

"I am a butcher and sexton."

"And this good woman?"

"What a question," said Fontane. "Look at that little female, if you please, with a face—"

Yves la Republique!"

"Ah! that's good!" said the miscreant, "you're a good one. Down with the moderates and aristocrats. *Vive la Republique!* and *Vive la Montagne!*"

Fontane could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble and took her hand.

"Come, wife," said he, "let us have a walk."

"Ay, and a dance, too," said the barbarian, patted and gaudy crimson waistcoat, as he threw himself into a sort of Bacchanalian attitude.

"But I—I——"

"Nonsense—nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what's the matter with you? Are you going to run?"

Fontane objected and resisted for awhile, but was soon obliged to submit; and, wiping the face from moisture, which the fear of being in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from within, was ready to start. It was in place of a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy. Oh! the fatal chalice! All hope of safety was gone; he was on the point of delivering himself up and claiming the protection of the guillotine, when he thought that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily, he roused himself, clapped his hands and assumed a joyful aspect.

"Hallo! my friend," cried one of the fellows, "you're wonderfully merry all of a sudden."

"A thought struck me!" said Fontane, "a bold idea! You see my poor wife! I knew the Carmagnole air was raised her spirits. I have my good fellows, let us dance it."

He then passed it with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

"What now! don't make a wry face, wife," said he. "Excuse her, citizens, she's timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—here, here, that's right. Now, all join hands and sing. Vive la Republique! Come, friends, join hands for the ring. Viv patriotic dance!"

Madame Fontane now comprehended what was required of her, and joined in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over, the look on her husband's face was so expressive, that she replaced the child on the basket, and put it upon his shoulder. He made his with the cap, and a shout of laughter was the ring the *Chasse des Drapeau*. And so they escaped.

SCARLETINE FEAT.—A Paris correspondent of the London Times gives an account of the recent of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an India rubber rope, was duly performed, but without any result to the scientific exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet been permitted to witness. The rope was cut by the axe of the car hung the India rubber cord, descending with the velocity of lightning, and was fastened to the other side of the car. It then formed a strong loop. The *aéronaut* was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the waist to the small of his back, was enclosed in a frame work, which I should be unmeasurable, as not Londoners born, but country-bred actions who have come hither in pursuit of employment.

These miscreants display a wonderful ingenuity in the concoction of their stratagems and disguises. If the weather be cold, they are all in the genteel occasion, they resort to some irreparable calamity as their stock in trade, such as total blindness or a semi-paralysis. If, however, it rain, hail, and blow a tempest, and the roads are running with streams of liquid mud, then the domestic misery chain is most productive, and in the place of tragic-pic subject jabbering on crutches, you will see a group of motherless children, all with clean faces, and clothes which seem, standing there, bonded in the rain, and bonded by a fast-retreatable looking man, who, with a doleful tale about his want of work, his long sojourn in the hospital, and the death of his wife, who has left him with six helpless babes for whose hapless sake he is compelled to appeal to your charitable feelings, as he cannot leave them working in their behalf. In some instances such appeals may be genuine, but the probability is that he has kicked the children at their lodgings' mistress, at sixpence a head for the night, and there is no doubt but he will make a good speculation of it before the night is over, and in all probability get drunk with the proceeds.

Another very remunerative deception is "the poor gentleman." A young fellow of five and-twenty, with a pale, sallow, and sun-begrimed countenance, stands with his back against a gas-lamp or the wall. He is clad in an embroidered, gentlemanly garb of refined black cloth, dirted, linen and shabby by constant wear; a dress-white collar contrasts forcibly with the jet-

Military Scenes.

AMIABLE BOY.—"Don't be afraid, mother, he won't hurt ye!"

Miscellaneous.

JAMES I.—A ROYAL PORTRAIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Our cousin of Scotland" was ugly, sickly, and disgusting, both in mind and body. His tongue was much too large for his mouth, his legs were much too weak for his body, and his body was much too large for his head. His manners were slobbering, covetous, wasteful, idle, dirty, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most wretched man on earth. His figure—what is commonly called richly dressed—was overloaded with decoration, in the coarsest that can be imagined, dressed in thickly padded clothes, as a safeguard against the assassin. One of his first requests was to have the windows thrown open wider, that he might have the benefit of a cold atmosphere in the stuffy, and his hat and feather sticking over one eye, or hanging on the back of his head, and his dress awry in front. He used to lean on the necks of his favorite courtiers, and slobber kisses on their faces and caress them with the greatest fervorite he ever had, used to sign himself in his letters to his royal master, "your dog," and was gratified. As the servant handed him the tray of teas, he seized one cup with both hands, swallowed it with a single gulp, threw the glass out of the window, and sighed in a tone like the Western wind—

Oh, the last time
To leave, and flash, and thief—
Is the last!

Two walkers immediately rushed forward and bore him to a divan, round which thirty seven more walkers were instantly borrowed, all breathless. At half past eleven they laid him in a cab, and I saw him no more. Sensible *Georgie.*

SE CAREFUL HOW YOU STRIKE.—An exciting incident occurred, the other day, in a fashionable store in the city which we should teach clerks to be careful in their sports—

It appears that the clerks in this store had acquired a habit of playing of little tricks upon each other, and the other day one of the boys gave the other stooping down to select some, or for any other purpose, he struck him a blow (generally the top of a box) and spank the sleeping victim. This practice had gone on for some time, when one day one of the boys who had caught the board most severely for some past transgression, and was trying for a chance to get even, happened in a position that he might pay him off with interest, entered the store, and saw the boy in the position we have described, and, as he thought, his fellow clerk, down he came with a heavy spanking, which left a mark among the lower shelves, and his body at a full angle. Now, thought he, is my time, Mr. Spy—and he selected a good stiff ruler, and about four feet long, and cautiously approached the victim. He raised his hand, and came over the store, and brought him erect as once. At that moment Jerry appeared from behind a bundle of muslin, with his face swelled, and a pencil laughter, and the gentleman who was about to strike, with uplifted ruler, exclaimed, Mr. Dy. ——, who was busy selecting insect, and, thinking he was spanked. Of course he was ready to fall on his knees for forgiveness, but the deed was done.—*Picayune.*

THE FOLLOWING soul-thrilling speech, supposed to have been written by a travelling quack doctor, in one the western counties of this State, was made to a crowd assembled in the country square at a recent auction-sale:

Our merchant looked at them a moment; and was evidently rewarded:

"You have kept them out of sight, I see. So much the better. Now, next Monday morning you get them out, and put them on, and I think we'll find some customers for them before next week is out."

The next Sunday this acute observer of the springs of human action appeared in church with a coat of immaculate pig-skin cape, tip-top gloves, and a new hat, and he was pointed out as one of the richest men in the city. And well watch-chain dangling from his vest pocket.

As usual, he was the "observed of all observers" for half the congregation knew that this was a fortnight after, at his metropolitan store, he had opened a large assorted order for these suddenly popular pig-skin cape.

THE DOMINIE'S COURTSHIP.—Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a doe-fat for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to survey. Friend Jones, after he had surveyed it, was anxious to hear a lady call her husband "my gentleman"—would it not? or, not another lady call her husband "my gentleman"—would it not? "Why," I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was *to lay out my money on such worthless property as that.*"

ON DUE STORY.—When the Barker Family were in this city, at their last evening's entertainment, the right-hand looking car stole into the room, apparently in search of some one, and marching around in front of the staging, he looked up and down, and then around the house and "narrative" high up, passed along the platform, examining the floor, as if in search of a position by the side of the Barkers, deliberately surveying the audience, while the tootal ons were singing. At length he said:

"Is they mine no at home?"

The effect was most ludicrous. The whole audience were in a roar, and the Barkers themselves could scarcely control their risibles. At this critical juncture an usher in the audience roared out, in a most comical jovialty voice: "He's one of the Barkers!" This last observation did the business for the audience. They couldn't hold in any longer, but gave vent to their pent-up merriment in peals of laughter, amid which the curtain rolled.—*Georgetown Times.*

TO SPEAK WELL suppose a habit of attention which shows itself in the thought; by language we learn to think, and above all to envisage thought.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

A new translation of "Jerusalem Delivered," by Tasso, has been published in England. The translator, is Lieutenant Colonel Edward Fairfax Rodehem, an officer of the British Army. The succeed, is a description of

THE GARDEN OF ARMIDA.

Emerging now from that entangled maze,
The amazing aspect of the garden fair,
A thousand sorts of trees, a thousand sprays
And dumping pools, and dancing streams are there;
And chambery vales, and sunny hills, which raise
Their flowery tops into the liquid air;
And in its work was seen; (itself was fair)
And this made admirable, all—I did.

The enlivened is so mingled with the wild.
That natural the ornaments appear
Unwanted that seemed most fair and mild
To nature her instincts there.
The art of nature, magic art makes wild;
The art which makes trees blossom all the year;
And fountains running, and birds sing
While these burst forth, close by their side matures.

On the same stem, among the self-same leaves,
The ripened fruit and the fair growing tree
Two apples on one bough the painter weaves,
And lively counterfeits, with curious skill,
Hight climbs the vine, inherently it seizes

In spots where warmest rest the sunny shows;
Here ripe the grapes, there grapes not full grown,
Clusters of gold and purple grapes appear.

Small, gentle birds amid the branches rove,
Their wings, their tails, their breasts, their throats they move;
The breeze, which softly murmurs, stirs and gives
Unto the boughs their motion.

Make gentleness. With varying force it blows
Now the birds sing, now in a softer move.

But when they cease, its response louder grows;
Then with the birds it hushes.
The song of birds or music of the breeze.

With purple hill, and rainbow colors flung
All sundries over in the grassy mead,
Who can one precontent. His supple tongue
Can tell the wonders that the meadow breed?
And with such art and diversity he sung,
That all who heard a prodigy confessed
The birds' pride, grass, flowers, and everything by his sweet
song.

The sweetness becomes roused through heaven to play!

Oh, sire,"—he sung, "how leaves the leading room
Her rosy eyelids opening on her virgin eyes,
Half bred, half blushing, half in anger moved,
The more they hide themselves, the more are
spied.

Lo! how, grown bolder, all her charms she shows,
And how the wanton wars! Fair! Oh, how fair!
Those words
Appear not—but now those charms appear
To every lover, every mood, once dear.

Thus passes, in the passing of a day,
The sweet and precious life of a young maid;
Her ideal returning April's gone may
To-morrow's fresh and fresh to-day.
Then pluck the rose while matin hours drive,
Of flower security no spirit lives;
Then pluck of tender love while yet we may,
While love may still the love we give repay.

Old wood, and cold, and withered, and unsound,
With a fresh bond of song, these glad consent!
Then pluck the rose, and love, and love!
And every common sucks in love content.
Even the dumber leaves and hard and rustic
Have their sweet loves, and their sweet loves kiss.
And from the earth, and from the rippling streams,
And from the fragrant air, a sigh it seems.

THE POET MOORE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

In the "Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell," (who has given an eloquent and beautiful tribute to the memory of the poet,) we find the following account of Moore's visit to the Falls of Niagara, in a letter to his mother:

"NIAGARA, July 24th, 1804.

"My Dearest Mother,—I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I have felt than by telling you what I wrote of sublimity in my journal on returning.

"Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Fall, but got no further than the Rapids, which strike a first gratification of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22nd, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got on the carriage road, passed over the hill that conceals them. We were not soon enough to be captured by the terrific effects of the scene, but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and recommenced through all the grandeur of its imagination as the wing—imagination, which even all Niagara cannot realize.

"I fill as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the trees started into my eyes, as if I recognized, immortal after me had been sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which gives exhaustion and sends tears to relieve. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. How all its aerial sublimities and full spaces, as we walked under the vast arch of the Fall, upon the rocks below, the whole mountain was gone. I saw not all. The string which *fancy* would have kept forever in vibration, now rested at reality. Yet, though there was not that sensation, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended toward Jehovah in a transport of admiration which I never before experienced. On I bring the adventure here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can look upon the Falls and not feel an emotion of these ineffable wonders: much more do I pity those who have visited them for the advancement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Language is fallacious; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon them by every inferior subject. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara.

"A noon deal has been said, and well said, too, about men's speaking of their wives as their better halves. I feel that I am not worthy to bear a lady call her husband 'my gentleman'—would it not? or, not another lady call her husband 'my gentleman'—would it not? Upon the whole, I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was *to lay out my money on such worthless property as that.*"

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

A new translation of "Jerusalem Delivered," by Tasso, has been published in England. The translator, is Lieutenant Colonel Edward Fairfax Rodehem, an officer of the British Army. The succeed, is a description of

THE GARDEN OF ARMIDA.

Emerging now from that entangled maze,
The amazing aspect of the garden fair,
A thousand sorts of trees, a thousand sprays
And dumping pools, and dancing streams are there;
And chambery vales, and sunny hills, which raise
Their flowery tops into the liquid air;
And in its work was seen; (itself was fair)
And this made admirable, all—I did.

The enlivened is so mingled with the wild.
That natural the ornaments appear
Unwanted that seemed most fair and mild
To nature her instincts there.
The art of nature, magic art makes wild;
The art which makes trees blossom all the year;
And fountains running, and birds sing
While these burst forth, close by their side matures.

On the same stem, among the self-same leaves,
The ripened fruit and the fair growing tree
Two apples on one bough the painter weaves,
And lively counterfeits, with curious skill,
Hight climbs the vine, inherently it seizes

In spots where warmest rest the sunny shows;
Here ripe the grapes, there grapes not full grown,
Clusters of gold and purple grapes appear.

Small, gentle birds amid the branches rove,
Their wings, their tails, their breasts, their throats they move;
The breeze, which softly murmurs, stirs and gives
Unto the boughs their motion.

Make gentleness. With varying force it blows
Now the birds sing, now in a softer move.

But when they cease, its response louder grows;
Then with the birds it hushes.
The song of birds or music of the breeze.

With purple hill, and rainbow colors flung
All sundries over in the grassy mead,
Who can one precontent. His supple tongue
Can tell the wonders that the meadow breed?
And with such art and diversity he sung,
That all who heard a prodigy confessed
The birds' pride, grass, flowers, and everything by his sweet
song.

The sweetness becomes roused through heaven to play!

Oh, sire,"—he sung, "how leaves the leading room
Her rosy eyelids opening on her virgin eyes,
Half bred, half blushing, half in anger moved,
The more they hide themselves, the more are
spied.

Lo! how, grown bolder, all her charms she shows,
And how the wanton wars! Fair! Oh, how fair!
Those words
Appear not—but now those charms appear
To every lover, every mood, once dear.

Thus passes, in the passing of a day,
The sweet and precious life of a young maid;
Her ideal returning April's gone may
To-morrow's fresh and fresh to-day.
Then pluck the rose while matin hours drive,
Of flower security no spirit lives;
Then pluck of tender love while yet we may,
While love may still the love we give repay.

Old wood, and cold, and withered, and unsound,
With a fresh bond of song, these glad consent!
Then pluck the rose, and love, and love!
And every common sucks in love content.
Even the dumber leaves and hard and rustic
Have their sweet loves, and their sweet loves kiss.
And from the earth, and from the rippling streams,
And from the fragrant air, a sigh it seems.

THE POET MOORE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

In the "Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell," (who has given an eloquent and beautiful tribute to the memory of the poet,) we find the following account of Moore's visit to the Falls of Niagara, in a letter to his mother:

"NIAGARA, July 24th, 1804.

"My Dearest Mother,—I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I have felt than by telling you what I wrote of sublimity in my journal on returning.

"Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Fall, but got no further than the Rapids, which strike a first gratification of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22nd, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got on the carriage road, passed over the hill that conceals them. We were not soon enough to be captured by the terrific effects of the scene, but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and recommenced through all the grandeur of its imagination as the wing—imagination, which even all Niagara cannot realize.

"I fill as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the trees started into my eyes, as if I recognized, immortal after me had been sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which gives exhaustion and sends tears to relieve. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. How all its aerial sublimities and full spaces, as we walked under the vast arch of the Fall, upon the rocks below, the whole mountain was gone. I saw not all. The string which *fancy* would have kept forever in vibration, now rested at reality. Yet, though there was not that sensation, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended toward Jehovah in a transport of admiration which I never before experienced. On I bring the adventure here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can look upon the Falls and not feel an emotion of these ineffable wonders: much more do I pity those who have visited them for the advancement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Language is fallacious; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon them by every inferior subject. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara.

"A noon deal has been said, and well said, too, about men's speaking of their wives as their better halves. I feel that I am not worthy to bear a lady call her husband 'my gentleman'—would it not? or, not another lady call her husband 'my gentleman'—would it not? Upon the whole, I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was *to lay out my money on such worthless property as that.*"

ALFRED THE GREAT.

We keep the following eloquent passage from the Life of Alfred the Great, as published in the series of Baker's Library, from the pen of Dr. R. Pauli:

So should the image of Alfred, shining brightly in the book of the world's history, not be obscured by useless or ignominious, nor dimmed by his own errors. There he incessantly presents himself to us, as the same man, whether we will list you, very little grass need we trouble ourselves about the legends which have gathered round his whole mortal form all over. Even now some degree of obscurity hangs over many of the most important events of duty, and enabled principles of his life, and his high aim to employ his time in a truly noble manner.

No King or hero of antiquity or modern times has been honored with a fame so many distinguished qualities, and such an excellent, whereas more correct estimate of his character and religious zeal over greater nations, have always had more defect in their moral character, which is now brought out more clearly through the impartial spirit of criticism; and although by the side of Alfred, ru